

10¢ AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES JULY 86/7



HERE HE IS!
FANTOM
OF THE FAIR
(IN THIS ISSUE!)

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Uncle Joe Says:

As editor of AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES, I'm naturally very much interested in unusual, interesting facts, news and stories. And I think I've really stumbled on something extremely interesting—the fact that there are newspapers and magazines being issued every week by the boys and girls who read this magazine. Naturally, these publications are not printed and bound like this magazine, because that costs a lot of money. But, they are being issued regularly—and the boys and girls who edit and publish them deserve a lot of praise.

Just recently I received a copy of THE WEEKLY TORCH, a small newspaper edited, written and published by one of my readers, Forrest Fickling of Lynwood, California. Although Forrest is only 14 years old, his paper includes regular advertisements, an editorial on world affairs, news of the latest European developments, and interesting cartoons. It consists of several sheets of 8½" x 11" paper and was printed on either a hectograph or a mimeograph machine. While some of the printing was indistinct, Uncle Joe certainly thinks Forrest is doing a swell job.

After seeing Forrest's paper, I started wondering how many of my other readers were also editors and publishers of small newspapers and magazines. And, upon making a few inquiries, I am led to believe that there are a great many publications issued by boys and girls—especially in the science-fiction field.

One of my artists brought in a copy of SCIENTI-TALES, which is published every other month and sells for 15¢. It consists of 28 pages, bound together with a strip of cloth, and is published by John Giunta and Louis G. Maurino of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of course these fellows are a bit older than Forrest, but they are doing a good job. The copy of SCIENTI-TALES that I have is packed with interesting science-fiction stories—including a serial novel, two novelettes, a storiette, various departments and poems. Vivid illustrations make the stories even more interesting. And the entire job is printed with a mimeograph machine—just as Forrest's paper is.

I'd certainly like to see more of these publications. So if you're the editor or publisher of a paper, won't you send me a copy—together with a brief description of yourself? I would greatly appreciate this—and will try to include a story about your paper in one of the future issues of our magazine.

Uncle Joe.

EDITOR

Don't Miss

STARTING
THIS MONTH IN
Keen
DETECTIVE FUNNIES

THRILLING ADVENTURE!
SUPER SLEUTH—FEARED BY
ALL CROOKS AND GANGSTERS!

THE MASKED MARVEL!

by
Ben Thompson

The PHANTOM of the FAIR

by Paul Gustavson

A NEW SUPER THRILLING STRIP!
-PACKED WITH EXCITING ACTION-
WHICH TAKES PLACE IN A WORLD FAIR.



FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TOWERING BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, THE PUFF OF A SILENCED-RIFLE IS SEEN



THE BULLET STRIKES THE ROPE OF A SCAFFOLD AND THE PAINTER ON IT PLUNGES TOWARD THE GROUND.



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, A STRANGELY DRESSED PERSON DIVES OFF THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING AND GRABS THE FALLING PAINTER IN MID-AIR.



WHILE THE PEOPLE BELOW GASP IN AMAZEMENT, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER GRABS ONE OF THE SCAFFOLD LEADS AND SWINGS SAFELY TO A LEDGE BELOW.

HAVING SAFELY SET THE PAINTER DOWN ON THE LEDGE, THE STRANGER SWINGS UPWARD AGAIN AS IF CARRIED BY THE WIND



LIKE A SPRINGING PANTHER, HE LANDS IN FRONT OF THE ATTEMPTED MURDERER AND SENDS HIM SPROWLING ON THE ROOF.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDY? HOW'D IT HAPPEN?

I'M OK, BOSS! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON AROUND HERE — I CAN SWEAR I HEARD A BULLET WHIZZ PAST ME AS THAT ROPE SNAPPED!



LOOK — THAT HOLE NEAR THE SCAFFOLD!! IT WASN'T THERE ALL RIGHT! THE SHOT MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM THAT BUILDING WHERE THAT GUY THAT SAVED YOU SWUNG TO! C'MON — WE'RE GOING UP THERE AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA — ? SAY — — WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU ANYWAY?

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT MAN ON THE SCAFFOLD!



YOU GET AROUND AN SEE A LOT — DONT YOU, BUD! NOW REACH HIGH AN' START WALKING BACKWARDS! YEAH — I SHOT THAT SCAFFOLD ROPE IN TWO BUT YOULL NEVER KNOW WHY! YOURE GONNA FALL OFF THIS ROOF ACCIDENTALLY — JUST LIKE THAT GUY ON THE SCAFFOLD DID!



SUDDENLY THE MASKED FIGURE GRABS THE GUN AND DESTROYS IT WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS.



NOW TELL ME WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT MAN OR I'LL DROP YOU! I'LL — I'LL BE KILLED! LOOK OUT — YOU'LL DROP ME!



STAND WHERE
YOU ARE BEFORE
I SHOOT!

LOOK — THERE'S
THE RIFLE!! GREAT GUNS—
THE BARREL'S TIED
INTO KNOTS!!

THE SPECIAL FAIR POLICE JOIN IN THE ACTION.

HELP — HE'S
GONNA KILL
ME!! DON'T LET
HIM DROP ME!

YOU CAME A LITTLE
TOO SOON—I'M SORRY
I MUST LEAVE AND
FINISH MY WORK
ELSEWHERE!

IN A SHOWER OF BULLETS FROM THE
POLICE, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE GRABS
THE ROPE AND SWINGS ACROSS THE TERRACE
TO ANOTHER BUILDING, CARRYING WITH HIM,
THE ATTEMPTED MURDERER.

I TELL YOU HE GRABBED
ME IN MID-AIR AND SAVED
ME — HE ISN'T THE ONE
THAT TRIED TO HAVE
ME KILLED!

I DON'T BELIEVE
IN TALL STORIES —
SO STOP BLABBERIN'!
HE'S PROBABLY ONE
OF THOSE EX-TRAPEZE
ARTISTS THAT THIS GANG
USES TO HELP THEM GET
AWAY! C'MON — I'LL
CATCH THAT
MURDERIN'
APE!



WHILE THE POLICE FOLLOW ON THE GROUND, THE
MAN IN BLACK MOVES QUICKLY FROM BUILDING
TO BUILDING, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND. SUDDENLY
HE STOPS ON ONE OF THE ROOFS, OPENS A
TRAP DOOR.



— AND CLIMBS ONTO ONE OF THE CHAN-
DELIERS BELOW.



STAND BACK EVERYBODY — NAW — HE'S
WHAT'S HE GOING
TO DO — JUMP !??

GONNA THROW HIS
PARTNER DOWN AN'
MAKE A GET-AWAY
HIMSELF !! BACK —
ALL OF YOU — I'LL
HAVE TO SHOOT!





SLOWLY, THE MAN OF MYSTERY, RECOGNIZED BY THE LABORER AS **THE FANTOM**, TURNS ONE OF THE BOLTS ON THE CHANDELIER.



— AND JUMPS OFF TO THE FLOOR, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET BELOW.



AS THE CROWD TURNS AWAY IN HORROR, **THE FANTOM** PASSES THROUGH THE CONCRETE FLOOR, WITH SUCH SPEED THAT ONLY A BLUR OF HIS PASSING IS SEEN BY ANYONE.



BELOW THE TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR OF THE BUILDING, THE FANTOM COMES TO THE SURFACE OF AN UNDERGROUND RIVER AND LIFTS HIS PREY INTO A BOAT TIED NEARBY.



I-I-LI DO ANYTHING YOU SAY—
JUST LET ME GO!!
T-TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE —
THEY'RE AT LEAST HUMAN AN' I KNOW
WHAT TO EXPECT!

I'M QUITE HUMAN AND I'LL
TURN YOU OVER TO THE
POLICE AS SOON AS I
GET THE INFORMATION
I WANT!



THESE ARE ANCIENT TORTURE METHODS — HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT ONES! NOW — I WANT TO KNOW YOUR ENTIRE STORY OR I'LL BE COMPELLED TO USE SOME OF THEM.

NAW!
I'LL TALK!!



OCCO, THE CONTRACTOR'S MY BOSS! HE HIRED ME TO CAUSE A LOT OF ACCIDENTS FOR JOHNSON, SO HE'D FALL DOWN ON HIS JOBS! THEN OCCHO WOULD STEP IN AN' FINISH THEM UP AN' COLLECT FOR THE WHOLE JOB WHILE JOHNSON COULDN'T COLLECT A DIME BECAUSE HE DIDN'T FULFILL HIS CONTRACTS!



IN OTHER WORDS — EVERY JOB JOHNSON LOST WAS A FRAME UP!

THAT'S NOW — RIGHT — YOU CAN WHERE'S SEE IT BY LOOKIN' AT OCCHO? TH BOOKS WHICH JOBS THEY WERE! HE'S WAITIN' FOR ME WITH HIS GANG IN HIS OFFICE!



I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING THERE IS — I SWEAR IT!! JUST LET ME GO AN' I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN AS FAST AS I CAN!!

NOT SO FAST — FIRST I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED FROM

THE TIME WE FIRST MET! THEN I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK AND SEE THAT YOU GET THE SAME AS THE REST OF YOUR LOT! NOW — LOOK INTO MY EYES!



WHILE THE FANTOM CASTS A SPELL OF AMNESIA OVER THE THUG, THE POLICE RUN THROUGH THE OLD BOOK FOUND BY THE LABORER.

IT'S IN OLD ICELANDIC — PROBABLY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! HERE YOU CAN DECIPHER IT WITH THIS BOOK I BOUGHT!

I'LL BELIEVE YOU — I'LL BELIEVE YOU!! AN YOU SAY NO ONE HAS SEEN THIS BOOK BUT YOU!



Y'KNOW, JOHNSON — I'M GONNA ASK FOR MY VACATION BEGINNIN' TOMORROW! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY SANE MAN THINK HE'S CRAZY!

MAYBE I'LL TAKE ONE WITH YOU, COLLINS! I'VE LOST EVERY JOB I'VE HAD FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS AND I'M JUST ABOUT DOWN TO MY LAST DIME!! GREAT SAINTS — LOOK!



AS COLLINS TURNS, HE SEES THE SHADOW OF THE FANTOM ON THE BUILDING —



C'MON — I'M GOIN' TO TRY TO FOLLOW HIM!

I'VE TAILED
CROOKS ALL OVER
THE COUNTRY, BUT
I'VE NEVER RUN
ACROSS ANYONE
THAT COULD MOVE
SO FAST IN ALL
MY LIFE!

WHAT'S THE USE—
WE'VE LOST HIM
AGAIN! I'M GOING
BACK TO THE OFFICE—
YOU LOOK FOR HIM
IF YOU WANT TO!

MEANWHILE, THE FANTOM HAS REACHED
THE BUILDING OF OCCO, THE CONTRACTER,
AND JUMPS TOWARD THE GLASS ROOF.

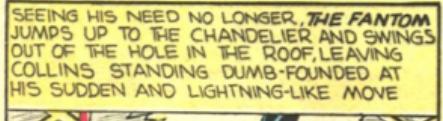
IN A SHOWER OF BREAKING GLASS,
THE FANTOM LANDS IN FRONT OF OCCO.

MARCO — ??
WHO'S THIS
GUY WITH
YOU?

I DUNNO, BOSS —!
I CAN'T REMEMBER!
HE SAWME SHOT THAT
SCAFFOLD ROPE IN TWO
AN' MADE ME TELL
EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU!
BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER HOW,
OR WHERE, OR
ANYTHIN'!!

SO — YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT MY
BUSINESS, EH? WELL, BUSINESS HAS
BEEN VERY PROFITABLE AND I CAN
MAKE IT WORTHWHILE FOR YOU
TO FORGET ABOUT WHAT MARCO
HERE SAID AN' KEEP YOUR
TRAP SHUT! OK— COVER
HIM, BOYS!!

I SEE THAT YOU HAVE A
BAD HABIT OF USING GUNS —!
PERHAPS A LITTLE LESSON IN
MANNERS WILL DO YOU SOME
GOOD!



ALL RIGHT, OCCHO — WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

NOTHING — THAT GUY IN BLACK JUMPED THROUGH THE ROOF AND STARTED BUSTING UP MY OFFICE AND TOSSED US AROUND!



FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL, I GUESS! LISTEN, OCCHO — THAT FANTOM DOESN'T DO THINGS WITHOUT REASONS! HOW COME HE'S HERE — ? THE FANTOM'S BEEN DRAGGING HIM ALL OVER THE FAIR, AFTER ONE OF JOHNSON'S SCAFFOLDS WAS SHOT DOWN, AND NOW I FIND HIM IN YOUR OFFICE. THERE'S A LOT YOU'RE GONNA ACCOUNT FOR!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, COPPER! I NEVER SAW THIS GUY BEFORE!

IT'S A LIE — I'M NOT GONNA TAKE ALL TH' BLAME!



AS OCCHO BACKS TOWARD THE WALL, AN ARM CRASHES THROUGH AND CLAMPS AROUND HIS NECK.



THE FANTOM!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, EVERYBODY! NOW, OCCHO — I'M NOT STEPPING IN THIS TIME! HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE WANTS TO WITH YOU!



TIGHTER AND TIGHTER. THE ARM OF THE FANTOM CLOSES AROUND OCCHO'S NECK UNTIL THE WALL BEGINS TO CRUMBLE OUTWARD.

UGH — I — I'LL TALK!! ONLY GET ME LOOSE!!



MAYBE I'M RUNNING INTO A STONE WALL, JOHNSON — BUT SOME ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA CATCH UP WITH THAT GUY AND FIND OUT WHAT MAKES HIM TICK!

AHEM — WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME A MAN FOR TRYING ANYWAY!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF THE FANTOM OF THE FAIR WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



The INNER CIRCLE

by FIELD

MAJOR RAMSAY - U.S.A. - HAS RECEIVED A LETTER ASKING HIM TO COME TO GLASGOW, SCOTLAND. THE NATURE OF THE LETTER WARRANTS HIS DOING AS ASKED. IT WAS SIGNED -

HE IS BEING MET AT CROYDON AIRPORT BY A YOUNG PILOT



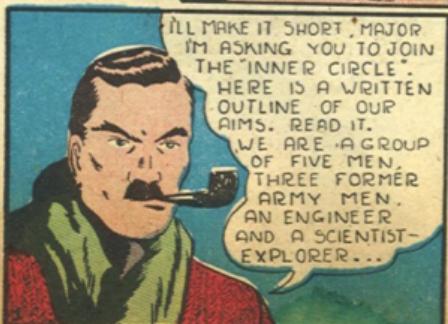
FLYING NORTH - RAMSAY IS LANDED OUTSIDE OF GLASGOW.



THEN BY CAR TO A HOUSE IN THE CITY, WHERE RAMSAY IS TO MEET THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER.



“I'LL MAKE IT SHORT, MAJOR. I'M ASKING YOU TO JOIN THE 'INNER CIRCLE'. HERE IS A WRITTEN OUTLINE OF OUR AIMS. READ IT. WE ARE A GROUP OF FIVE MEN. THREE FORMER ARMY MEN. AN ENGINEER AND A SCIENTIST-EXPLORER...



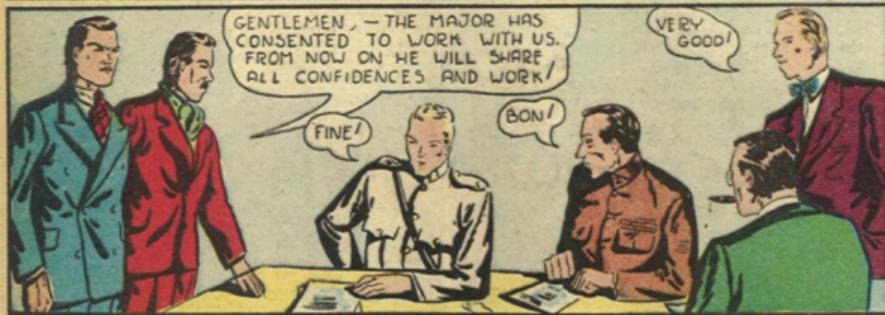
WE ALSO HAVE SOME YOUNG MEN WITH US... THE PILOT IS ONE. WE HAVE UNLIMITED FUNDS. . . . AS YOU KNOW THERE ARE A LOT OF WRONGS BEING DONE IN THIS OLD WORLD, AND WE STRAIGHTEN THEM OUT - IF POSSIBLE. ALL THIS IS INTER-NATIONAL.

AFTER YOU'VE READ IT YOU CAN GIVE ME AN ANSWER





RAMSAY READS THE OUTLINE OF THE "INNER CIRCLE" — WEIGHS THE POINTS AND MAKES HIS DECISION.



WE ARE GOING TO HONG KONG.
THERE IS A MATTER OF SOME
BOMBINGS TO LOOK IN TO.



HONG KONG IS IN A WAR ZONE, YOU
KNOW THE BOMBINGS LOOK LIKE THE
WORK OF ONE OF THE FORCES IN THE
WAR WE THINK DIFFERENTLY.
IT MAY BE SOME ONE TRYING TO
CAUSE MORE TROUBLE.



THANKS FOR THE LIFT!
STAY AT THE USUAL
PLACE.



THE ARRIVAL AT HONGS
KONG SEVERAL DAYS
LATER

THIS IS WHERE WE WILL STAY
FOR... WELL I'LL BE -!!!

HELLO AHERN!



I DIDN'T THINK YOU KNEW HOW TO GET
ME SOMEWHERE I AM. I'VE BEEN
POSING AS A BEACHCOMBER
AND HAVE GOTTEN IN WITH
SOME OF THOSE
SUSPECTS.



FINE BUT
LETS GET
SOME FOOD

THEY'RE MOSTLY SEAMAN FISHER-
MEN I'M ALMOST SURE THAT THEY
ARE FISHING IN RESTRICTED
WATERS!

FISH-
PIRATES



HE EXPLAINS -
THAT THE GOV-
ERNMENT FOR
BIDS FISHING TO
THE NORTH OF
HONG KONG.
A BAND OF MEN
ARE FISHING
THERE. GETTING
HIGH PRICES IN
THE WAR ZONE.
THE BOMBINGS
ARE BEING DONE TO
THROW OFF SUS-
PICION AND MAN-
IT LOOK AS IF ONE
OF THE COMBAT
ANTS DO IT.

I'LL LEAVE NOW. IF
ANY THING BREAKS I'LL
GET IN TOUCH WITH
YOU



ONE OF OUR BEST
MEN I THOT IT BEST
NOT TO INTRO-
DUCE YOU.

WHO WAS THAT
FELLOW?







A FEW HOURS LATER NICK COMES AND PLANS MADE.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON THE SMALL EXPEDITION GETS STARTED

IT NUMBERS ONLY 5 MEN THE MAJOR, AHERN, NICK, THE PILOT, AND THE BOAT'S CAPTAIN

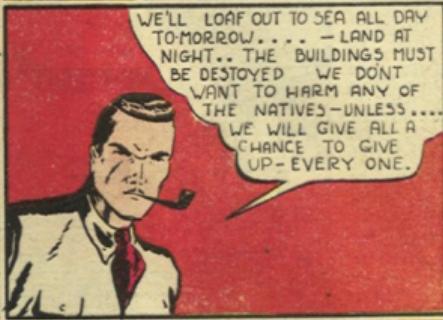




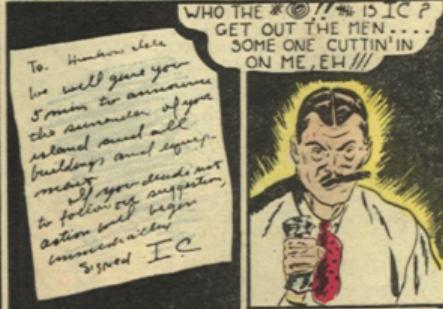
MAKING THEIR WAY THRU THE UNDER-BRUSH, RAM-SAY AND AH-ERN FIND THE BASE. CROUCHING IN THE SHAD-OWS, THE TWO LOOK OVER THE PLACE-THEN LEAVE.



AT DAWN, THE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BOAT

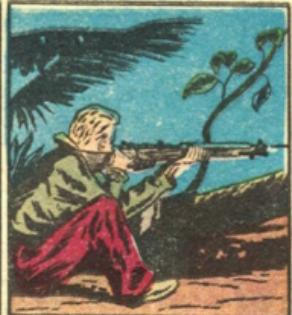


ON THE ISLAND, THAT EVENING, A RADIO MESSAGE IS RECEIVED!



THE IC MEN SPREAD OUT AND FIRE WARNING SHOTS WHICH ARE RETURNED BY ROSSI'S MEN.

A RUNNING-GUN FIGHT IS STARTED WITH ROSSI'S MEN HOLING UP IN THE OFFICE.



2039 A.D.

UNCLE OSCAR AND HIS NEPHEW BILL
ARE OFF ON A BUSINESS TRIP AROUND
THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THEIR SPACE SHIP~



SAY UNC - DO YOU HAVE
TO GO SO FAST - WE'RE
LIABLE TO RUN INTO A
METEOR OR GET PICKED
UP BY A PATROL SHIP

WE'RE ONLY DOIN'
50,000 MILES AN
HOUR AND I NEVER
SAW A PATROL SHIP
ON THIS ROUTE BEFORE



LOOK OUT! THERE'S
ONE OF THOSE TOUGH
ROCKETCYCLE COPS
FROM JUPITER!

ME CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO
US - I'VE GOT TOO MANY
FRIENDS ON JUPITER!

EARTH-2039
50X5912

HEY! PULL OVER
TO THAT ASTEROID!



SO! A COUPLE OF TOUGH
GUYS FROM THE EARTH
HUN? WELL I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU A TICKET!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE
OFFICER! I'LL HAVE
YOU TRANSFERRED
TO THE STICKS!

KEEP QUIET UNCLE - YOU'LL
ONLY MAKE
THINGS WORSE

EARTH-2039
50X5912

NOW YOU ARE IN A JAM! -
THIS SUMMONS SAYS YOU'RE
TO APPEAR IN THE TRAFFIC
COURT ON JUPITER AND
THEY'LL GIVE YOU THE WORKS

SO LONG! NEXT
TIME DON'T THREAT-
EN TO HAVE ME
SENT TO PLUTO

DON'T WORRY -
I CAN GET THIS
TICKET FIXED!

AND AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHER
SPEEDERS, YOU WILL PAY A
FINE OF 2,000,000 EARTH DOLLARS
AND SERVE 10 OF OUR DAYS IN
JAIL - NEXT CASE!

HEH-HEH!
THAT'LL
FIX 'EM

BUT - YOUR HONOR,
I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO EARTH -
MY BUSINESS...

YOU SURE FIXED IT!
10 OF THEIR DAYS IS
ABOUT 3 MONTHS OF
TERRESTRIAL TIME!

ASUAN
EERDE

CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING
TO GET ME OUT OF THIS PLACE?
THE FOOD IS SIMPLY AWFUL!

I'VE BEEN TO ALL
YOUR FRIENDS HERE
BUT THEY SAY IT
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR
TALKING BACK TO
ONE OF THEIR COPS!

Air-Sub °DX°

A NEW AIR-SUB
PICTURE STORY

-PART 1-

"THE CONQUEROR"

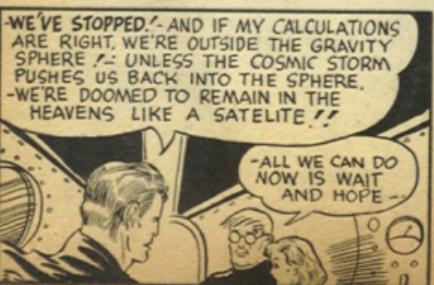
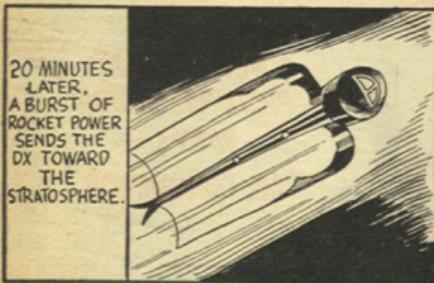
by Carl Burger

TIM, EXACTLY 50 YEARS AGO,
MONTAN, LEFT ON AN EXPEDITION
TO "MYSTERY ISLE", AND WAS
NEVER HEARD OF SINCE!

-WHY THE
FUSS, GRAY,
WE ALL KNOW
ABOUT IT!

-TRUE!--BUT, LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO,
A SPECIAL MESSENGER DELIVERED A
DIARY TO MEIT WAS WRITTEN BY.
DR. MONTAN !--







-BACK IN THE RANGE OF GRAVITY, TIM GUIDES THE MOTORLESS SHIP -



-TO A PERFECT 3 POINT LANDING!



IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE I CAN FIX THE MOTORS, - SO WHY DON'T YOU TWO HAVE A LOOK AROUND,

OK SKIPPER



LATER. -WELL, THE MOTORS ARE FIXED. -BUT WHAT'S THIS COMING ?



-WELL, WELL, - IF IT AIN'T CAP'N, TIM, AND HIS DX JUST WHAT THE BOSS ORDERED EH, TURJAK ?

-LET GO OF MY ARM!

-AND ALSO PROF GRAY!
-C'MON, WHERE IS HE ?



-AND HERE'S YOUR SLEEPING PILL
-MY MUSTACHED FRIEND!

-WITOUT ANOTHER WORD TIM BREAKS THE GIANTS GRIP AND LANDS A DYNAMITE FIST ON THE OTHERS JAW !





TIM! THERE'S A BAND OF GIANT MEN FROM MYSTERY ISLE OUT TO CAPTURE US!!

WE OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION AND ALSO SPOKE OF THE CONQUEROR!

THE CONQUEROR?



GRAY AND RITA COME RUNNING FROM THE HILLS!

I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW - BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! INTO THE AIR-SUB, QUICK!!



THE DX SOARS QUICKLY INTO THE FOGGY SKY.



NOW AS FAR AS THE CONQUEROR IS CONCERNED, HERE'S EVERYTHING THE INTELLIGENCE DEPT. KNOWS -



-HE'S A FIEND WHO HAS TURNED HIS SCIENTIFIC GENIUS TO CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES -



3 YEARS AGO HE LED A BAND OF OUTLAWS ON THE PLANET SATURN -



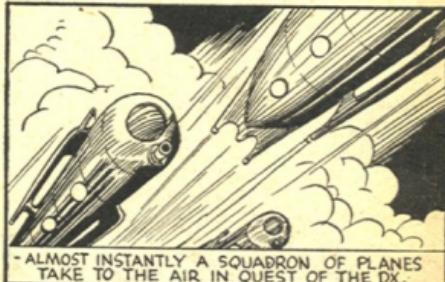
-THE GANG WAS WIPE OUT AND THE CONQUEROR DISAPPEARED - VANISHED!! - UNTIL NOW!





AS THE DX MOVES ON A FIELD SENTRY SPOTS IT, AND CALLS THE CONQUERORS HEADQUARTERS ON MYSTERY ISLE.

-Z-3 - REPORTING -- HAVE SIGHTED THE DX! - IT'S HEADED DUE EAST! - THAT'S ALL!



- ALMOST INSTANTLY A SQUADRON OF PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR IN QUEST OF THE DX.

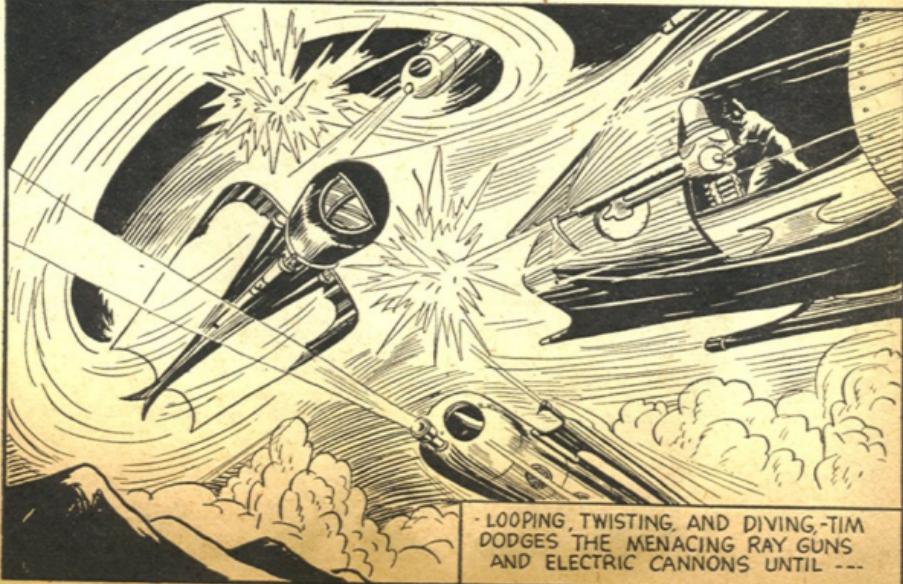
LATER

SEE THAT DOT? - THAT'S THE DX! - ORDER ALL SHIPS TO BATTLE FORMATION!

AT ONCE SIR!



TIM! - THERE'S A SQUAD OF ROCKET PLANES FOLLOWING US!



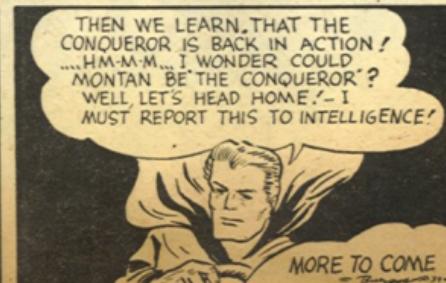
- LOOPING, TWISTING, AND DIVING, TIM DODGES THE MENACING RAY GUNS AND ELECTRIC CANNONS UNTIL ---



DIRECTLY UNDER A PLANE - THEN, A BLAST OF FLAME FROM THE DISSOLVING GUN RIPS THE ROCKETS BELLY!



A SWIFT DESCENT AND THE DX PLUMMETS INTO THE SWIRLING WATERS.



HAUNTED HOUSE

by Rex Lawrence



EVERYBODY in town called the Dietrich place "The Haunted House." Nobody knew how the name had got started. One thing was certain, nobody cared to hang around there much at night.

Old man Dietrich had died about a year before, and he had left behind him the most rickety and creepy place that anybody ever saw. It stands about a half-mile out of town, on what would be Main Street if it went that far, and as you approach it you notice that it is surrounded by tall pines, and enough shrubbery to shut off a view from the street.

One afternoon, after school, Elsie was being detoured on her way home by Bill and Clyde, when all of a sudden they discovered that the haunted house was nearby, and that started the boasting again.

Bill said that it was funny that nobody had ever really investigated the place to find out what it was all about. At that point Clyde spilled the beans by saying: "Let's investigate, then." And Bill said: "That's O. K. by me." And that's where the whole thing started.

So the next day the boys decided that the way to find what makes a haunted house haunted was to stay all night in one, and the one they picked, as you can well imagine, was old man Dietrich's.

That's where I came in. I used to run errands for old man Dietrich, and I was supposed to know the lay of the land. They wanted me to go out with them in the daytime and look things over so that they would know their way around at night. I didn't mind that job a bit. I could see a chance to have some fun, and besides, to be absolutely honest about it, being around where Elsie was, wasn't half bad.

So as not to have any more of the kids along we met out on Main Street, just beyond Whittlesey's store. The sun was shining brightly, but the air was cool, so it was a perfect day for a hike. It really was too bad that we were not going farther.

"I wonder how the idea ever got around that old man Dietrich's house is haunted," ventured Bill Wentworth as we walked along.

My answer was that it all started when Pop Whittlesey told folks at the store that he had heard voices as he passed there at night long after old man Dietrich had passed away. And after that, the house had been boarded up, and the "No Trespassing" signs had been nailed up by the State Police.

"What kind of voices?" asked Clyde.

"Well," I said, "when I first heard the story, it seems that Pop said it sounded like two or three different voices, but he couldn't make out any of the words. If you ask me, he started to run when he heard the first voices."

While this chatter was going on, Elsie was keeping very quiet. In fact, she didn't say a thing, and pretty soon, we arrived in front of the Dietrich house.

In the bright sun the old place did not look much different than any other old repair needing house. The whole FHA of our county could have put in most of the summer on it.

We walked around the house, and noted that it was all boarded up, except the second floor windows. There was little or no grass in the yard, but we walked on a floor of pine needles, and slowly made our way back to the front gate, which was still swinging on one hinge.

Bill said: "I think I shall bring an army blanket along, and take it easy while we are waiting for the 'voices' to arrive." "Me too," from Clyde. "I've already got my spot picked." And then we started slowly back to town.

The plan as finally arranged was for Elsie and I to go as far as the gate with them, and stand around a while as lookouts. How long they would stay would depend on how long they kept up their nerve, and if you ask me, they were both beginning to weaken.

Night came, and we met in front of Whittlesey's store. And, believe me, it was one of those nights! Dark as pitch, and then some. Not a word was said by either Bill or Clyde on the way out, but Elsie suddenly developed a line of chatter which was real humor to me, but which seemed to fall flat with them. Somehow, jokes do not sound the same in the dark.

That old place certainly looked different at night. From the road we could make out the outline of something that looked like a house, and there were strange sounds, too. And at that time there didn't seem to be much of a breeze stirring.

Elsie said: "We shall wait here until we know that you are comfortably fixed for the night, and then we'll walk slowly back to town." And I added: "We'll go slowly so you can catch up to us if you change your minds."

"You wouldn't kid anybody.. would you?" asked Bill. And I thought his voice sounded a bit shaky. Clyde never said a word, but I could see that he wasn't enjoying himself any too much.

We walked outside of the gate and they went toward the rear of the house. After a while we could see a flash-light as it hit the pines near the kitchen. Then there was a noise like the squeak of rusty hinges, and a door opening, which had been closed for a long time. And then a long silence.

Elsie and I sat down on a bed of pine needles outside of the gate, close to the road and waited. And, I guess because it was sort of lonesome and scary, she took my hand, and nestled up pretty close. Just about that time I hoped that Bill and Clyde would fall asleep or something.

It seemed an hour before we heard a sound, but I found out afterwards that it was only a few minutes.

All of a sudden there was a loud noise coming from the direction of the kitchen, and then Bill and Clyde, both yelling bloody murder passed us faster than the nine o'clock mail. Through the gate and toward town, picking up speed as they ran. And as far as we were ever able to find out they ran all the way into town.

After they had gone Elsie took my arm and said: "Let's go." But we didn't start just then. I had to go back to the house for a minute. When I came back to the road where she had been waiting, I had a small bundle.

She didn't ask any questions for a while, but finally her curiosity got the best of her and she asked what was in the bundle. Well, I didn't want to say anything at first, but after a while I gave in and opened it and showed her my radio.

She didn't get it right away. Then her face broke into a grin, and she took my hand again, and we walked along very quietly back towards town.

When we arrived in front of Whittlesey's store Elsie said. "Where did you 'have it'?"

"Inside the old furnace, grounded on the door hinge, and set for Frankenstein." And, I'm certainly glad that we arrived when we did. "A minute earlier and they would have heard the announcer, and that would have crabbed everything."

--The End--



THE C-20 MYSTERY

BEING THE STORY OF BOBBY O'NEILL, PATROLMAN ON WATERFRONT DUTY, AND HIS BROTHER MICKY, A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN.

BY Bill Everett

IT IS AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND BOBBY, OFF DUTY, HAS STOPPED IN TO SEE MICKY ON HIS WAY HOME. HE IS HAVING A CUP OF COFFEE IN MICKY'S SMALL LABORATORY

WELL, MICKY, IT'S BEEN A QUIET WEEK WHAT'RE YOU DOING THERE?

JUST A MINUTE, BOB - THE PHONE'S RINGING

HELLO? YES...



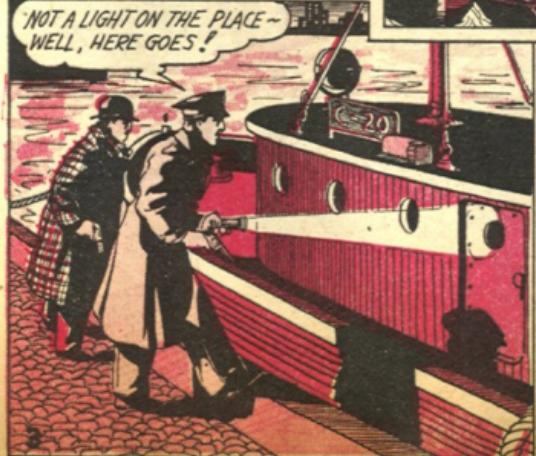
MICKY, THIS IS JERRY BEECH, COAST-GUARD RADIO OPERATOR. IS BOBBY THERE? WE'VE HAD WORD THAT THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE CICERO WAREHOUSE - A MURDER OR SOMETHING - AND BOBBY'S CHIEF WANTS HIM TO INVESTIGATE - BOBBY KNOWS THAT SECTION WELL, AND CAN HELP US OUT



IT'S A MURDER AT THE CICERO WAREHOUSE, BOB, SO JERRY SAYS - THINK I'LL GO WITH YOU - TO GET A PICTURE - JERRY SAYS HE'S SENDING A CAR FOR US.











WHILE BOBBY AND THE INSPECTOR PREPARE TO TAKE RITA TO HEAD-QUARTERS, A SMALL POWER-BOAT SIDLES NOISELESSLY ALONGSIDE THE SCOW "C-20".

EASY, BOYS - AND QUIET! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS - I SMELL COPS!



HARRY, KEEP AN EYE ON THE STERN.
PETE, YOU STAY IN THE SPEED-BOAT.
AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING.
SID AND BUTCH COME WITH ME

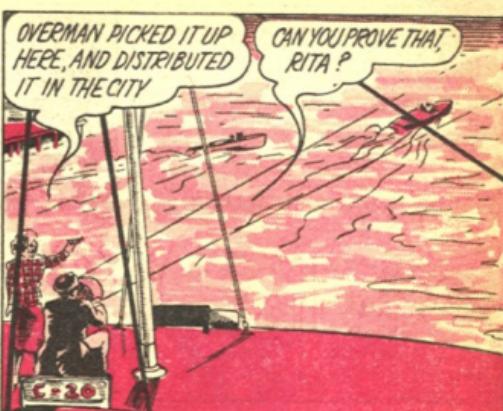
DUTCH SILVER!!!



HARRY - SID!
COPPERS!!

MICKY! CHIEF! MAN THAT OTHER SPEED-BOAT! IT'S SILVER'S GANG!





THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE -
TAKE US BACK TO THE STATION, WILL
YOU, BURKE?



MICKY AND THE CHIEF OUGHT TO BE
ALONG SOON - THEY WON'T HAVE MUCH
CHANCE AGAINST SILVER'S CREW



HERE THEY COME NOW! WHAT
HAPPENED, MICKY?

DESK
SERGEANT



THEY GAVE US A COUPLE OF NASTY CLIPS, AND GOT
CLEAR AWAY - THE C-G PLANE 'LL CATCH THEM -
BOY, HAVE I GOT SOME SWELL
FRONT-PAGE PICTURES!



AND - BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE
IN THE MORNING COURT SESSION -

CAPTAIN SILVER VERSUS THE STATE IS A CASE FOR THE
GRAND JURY, BUT IN CONSIDERATION OF THE TURNING
OF STATE'S EVIDENCE BY ONE RITA MAY, HERE BEFORE
THE COURT, I RELEASE HER INTO THE CUSTODY OF YOU,
PATROLMAN ROBERT O'NEILL - ON TEMPORARY
PAROLE - THIS IS HIGHLY UNETHICAL, BUT -
CASE OF RITA MAY VERSUS THE STATE, DISMISSED!

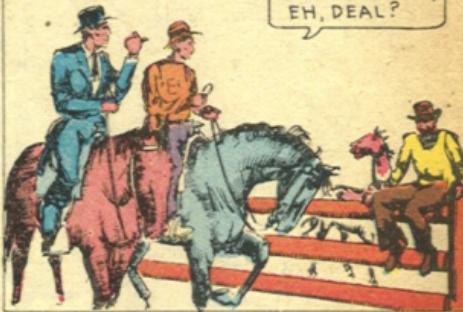


GRIZZLY DUNN



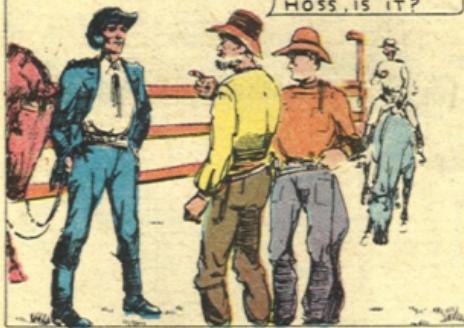
MIGHTY FINE HOSS
FLESH, KID. BET
GRIZZLY DUNN'S
PROUD O' HIM.

LET'S GO SEE
GRIZZLY. MAYBE
WE COULD GET
A RACE WITH
THAT HORSE,
EH, DEAL?



HOWDY, GRIZZLY.
NICE LOOKIN' HOSS
YUH GOT OUT THAR.

THAT UN O' YORE
FRIEND'S AIN'T
SO BAD NEITHER.
AIN'T A COW
HOSS, IS IT?



SURE IS - SHE'LL BEAT
ANY HORSE IN
THESE PARTS, YOURS
INCLUDED.

AIN'T NO COW
HOSS CAN BEAT
COMET!



MONEY TALKS, GRIZZLY.
HOW ABOUT A MATCH
RACE - AN' A LITTLE
SIDE BET, LETS SAY -
TEN THOUSAND?

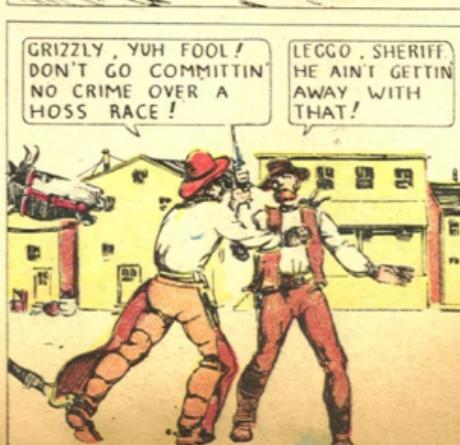
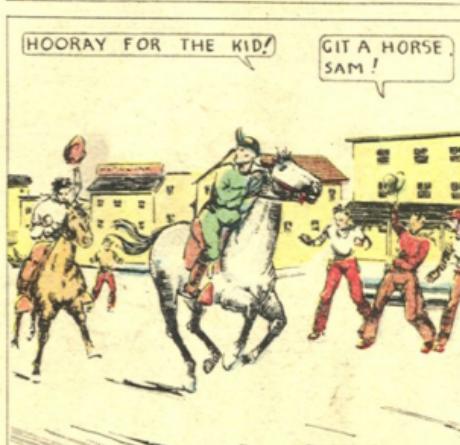
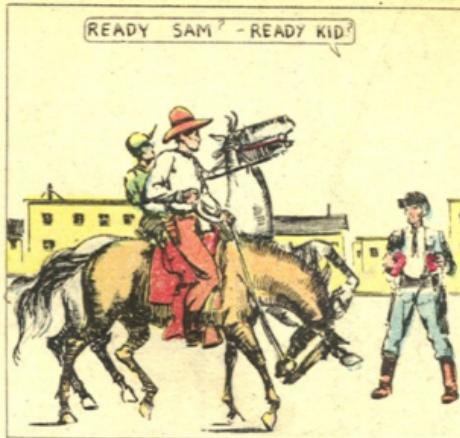
I'LL TAKE
THAT BET,
DEAL. WE'LL
PACE OFF
A MILE IN
TOWN THIS
AFTERNOON.



WHAT YOU
GOT THAT
CONTRAPTION
FOR, DEAL?

PEOPLE DON'T START
RACES WITH GUNS
NO MORE. YUH START
'EM WITH A BELL.







Jack STRAND



JACK IS A FINE MAN AND YOU LOVE ONE ANOTHER. I WISH... I DIDN'T HAVE TO TURN THIS... AWFUL DUTY OVER TO YOU.

THANK YOU DR. CARLIN. I WILL ALWAYS BE AT YOUR SERVICE.

THE PIN HOLDS A RAY. IT WILL PROTECT YOU FROM... PSYK... HE CAN'T FIGHT IT... BUT HE WANTS IT... WITH IT... HE CAN RUIN THE WHOLE WORLD!

..TAKEN YEARS TO GATHER THIS RAY. NO OTHER LIKE IT IN THE WORLD... IF PSYK OBTAINS OR YOU GET IN HIS POWER, LOOK FOR WEAK SPOT ON BODY... IT WILL BE COVERED WITH METAL... YOUR ONLY HOPE, THEN.

HE'S DEAD, DIANA-IT'S BETTER... I GUESS.

...YES...

THREE DAYS PASS. HOMER CARLIN HAS BEEN LAID IN HIS GRAVE AND JACK AND DIANA LUNCH TOGETHER~.

(YOU LOOK SO TIRED, DIANA.)

I AM JACK. IT'S BEEN A STRAIN...AND I KEEP WORRYING ABOUT THAT PIN!



LET ME KEEP IT FOR YOU, DEAR. YOUR UNCLE WAS DELIRIOUS. IT'S A VERY CHEAP PIN, PROBABLY WORTH NO MORE THAN 10¢.

OH, I SUPPOSE YOUR RIGHT, BUT IT...IT FRIGHTENS ME.



THEN SUDDENLY~

OH-H! JACK!

DIANA - WHAT IS IT?



JACK...HE'S GOING TO KILL HER.

THE YELLOW RAT,
I'LL FIX HIM!



OH...THANK YOU, SIR . I'D RATHER NOT PREFER CHARGES -- PLEASE.

OF COURSE NOT,
MADAM. I UNDERSTAND.



WHERE IS THE YOUNG LADY I WAS WITH, WAITER.

SHE LEFT, SIR, WITH AN ELDERLY MAN—WHILE
YOU WERE PROTECTING THE OTHER LADY. VERY
COURAGEOUS OF YOU, TOO, SIR.



FUNNY THE WAY DIANA LEFT OH
WELL, SHE PROBABLY HAD A REASON
HELLO—WHAT'S THIS?



Dear Jack—
Am terribly sorry to have
run out on you like this,
but I saw Mr. Davis passing
by the window. He was
by Diana's lawyer. He was
so anxious and I knew
he was up to something.
I hurried after him. All
is home this evening. All
please call and forgive me.
Love,
Diana

THAT EVENING JACK GOES TO DIANA'S APARTMENT

OH JACK, I'M
SO SORRY.

NONSENSE DIANA, JUST FORGET
IT—YOU LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.



I FEEL SO SAFE NOW, JACK. I WAS
FOOLISH ABOUT THAT PIN CAN'T I
HAVE IT BACK? I THINK UNCLE HOMER
WOULD RATHER I
KEEP IT.

CERTAINLY DIANA,
IT'S IN MY WALLET.



HERE IT IS. JUST A MINUTE NOW,
I HAVE IT IN MY FINGERS.
HURRY UP, YOU GIVE
ME THE WHOLE WALLET—
FOOL, NOT JUST THE PIN.





NOT A LOOSE PANAL IN HERE I'VE
CHECKED WALLS, CEILING, AND FLOOR.



SHE'S JUST DISAPPEARED AND
I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT
A HUNCH HER DISAPPEARANCE
IS IN SOME WAY CONNECTED
WITH PSYK --- AND THIS PIN!



GOSH! THERE'S A STRANGE LIGHT
IN THE CENTER OF THE STONE--
IT'S GROWING LARGER!



THE STONE SEEMS TO EXPAND AND
THROW OFF A WEIRD LIGHT~



DIANA! IT'S THIS CURSED
STONE! THE AFFAIR IN
THE RESTAURANT WAS
JUST A SET-UP BY
PSYK TO CAPTURE
HER.

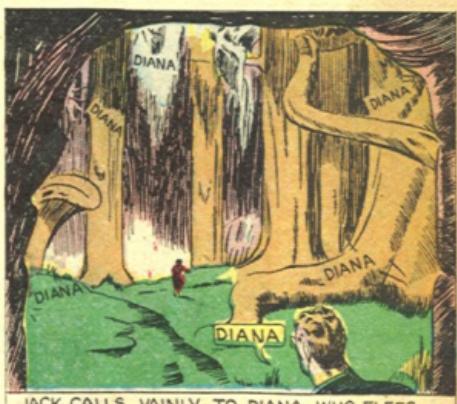
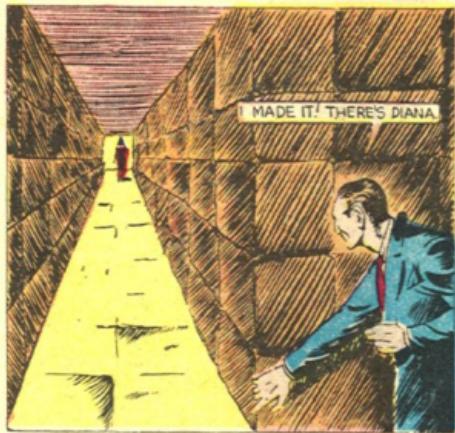
ALL RIGHT, PSYK! YOU'VE SHOWED YOUR
HAND! YOU WANT THIS STONE AND
YOU'LL GET IT! I'LL DELIVER IT IN PERSON!



IT LOOKS AS IF THE POWER OF PSYK'S MIND WAS DIRECTING DIANA'S WILL. MAYBE IF I FORCE MY WILL AGAINST HIS! WITH THE AID OF THIS STONE...I'LL TRY.



JACK FORCES HIS WILL AND CONCENTRATES HIS THOUGHTS ON GETTING DIANA, AS HE DOES SO THE WALLS CRUMBLE ABOUT HIM.



JACK CALLS VAINLY TO DIANA WHO FLEES INTO THE STRANGE WOOD OF A 1000 VOICES.

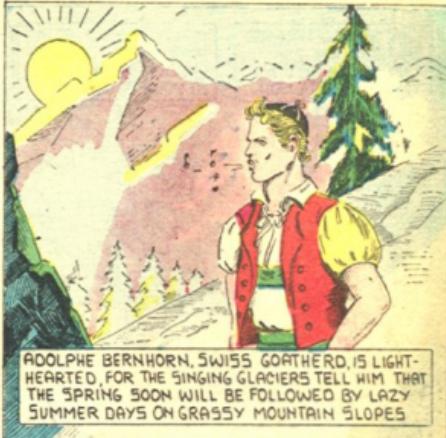


JACK RUSHES ON AND ON--THROUGH THE WOODS, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF DIANA ~



THE Pardon

BY
CLAIRE
S. MOE



ADOLPHE BERNHORN, SWISS GOATHERD, IS LIGHT-HEARTED, FOR THE SINGING GLACIERS TELL HIM THAT THE SPRING SOON WILL BE FOLLOWED BY LAZY SUMMER DAYS ON GRASSY MOUNTAIN SLOPES



ROUNDING A SHARP TURN IN THE PATH, HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH GRETCHEN NISSON. NEITHER IS AT ALL PLEASED.



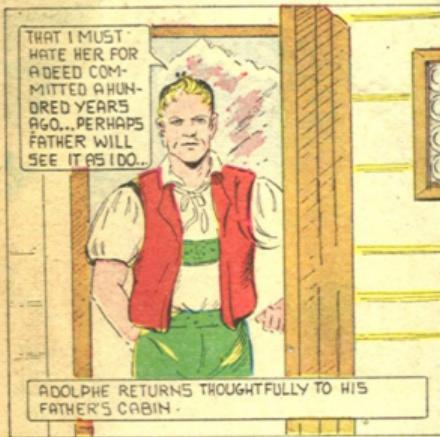
WITHOUT SPEAKING, THEY LOOK TO THE GROUND.



THE EDELWEISS, GRETCHEN !

NO, NO! IT CANNOT BE!

TO THE MOUNTAIN FOLK THE FINDING OF THE EDELWEISS IS A SIGN OF BETROTHAL.







IT IS MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER! I KNOW FROM THE SIGN ON HIS JACKET! THE GLACIER ICE HAS PRESERVED HIS BODY A HUNDRED YEARS!

THEN IT IS TRUE... HE WAS MURDERED!



I THINK NOT! LOOK YOU HOW HIS HANDS CLUTCH HIS HEART EVEN NOW!



DOCTOR! QUICK, COME WITH ME!

BUT... BUT...

DOCTOR



EVEN AFTER THESE HUNDRED YEARS I CAN TELL THAT HE DIED NATURALLY OF HEART TROUBLE!

GRETCHEN! DO YOU HEAR?



WHEN ERNST BERNHORN IS WRONG HE CAN BUT BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS AND BLESS THESE CHILDREN WHO HAVE SHOWN US OUR ERROR



AND NOW THAT I DO NOT HAVE TO HATE YOU, I WILL TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH



CLOSER & MOE

AND YOU, ADOLPHE, THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAINS HAVE BEEN VERY KIND TO US!

IT'S REALLY A FACT

BY
BOB WOOD



IN THE COURSE OF A SEASON, THE MAJOR LEAGUE BALL CLUBS USE APPROXIMATELY 105,000 BASEBALLS WHICH COST ABOUT \$1.22 EACH-



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THE USUAL PRICE OF A CUP OF COFFEE IN RIO DE JANEIRO IS ONE CENT-



WHEN STEVE BRODIE MADE HIS LEAP FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN 1886 TO WIN A \$100 BET, HE MUST HAVE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE, AS NO LESS THAN SEVEN MEN HAD LOST THEIR LIVES BEFORE HIM IN THE ATTEMPT - HE TOOK OUT A \$1,000 POLICY ON HIS LIFE BEFORE HE MADE THE JUMP -



BY
WOOD



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